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I begged the god of love to strike me blind,
And seal Love's image up within my brain,
Queen of my thoughts the kingdom of my Mind!
  But when I took Love's body to my breast,
  Her lips were bitter, and her face a jest.

### THE FICKLE LOVER

I have made Life my mistress; built temples
Of song to her in my heart; paraded
Before her enemy, Death. And smiling,
Have kissed Life before Death's envious eyes;
Proud in my lust, gay in my strength, love-wise.

But often in my dreams I've wished to touch
The cool sophisticated lips of Death.

### COLLAPSE

As an old tree bent by ages of winds,
So I am tired;

As an oak-leaf blown out upon the sea,
I am lonely;

As a storm-conceived adventurous wave
Divides before its thousand lonely deaths
On alien shores,
My life shall end.

*Ernest Walsh*